

## YARNS ABOUT TRAMPS

The Dilapidated Gentleman Relates Some Incidents.

### THE FARMERS AND HOBBOES.

Present Ill Feeling For Them Blamed on Press of Country—Cash on Delivery Only Way to Do Business, Says the C. O. D. Man.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Partridge.]  
"Thanks for this coin," said the C. O. D. man as he pocketed the quarter and made ready to talk. "There is only one way for a dilapidated gentleman to do business, and that is to insist on cash on delivery. This saves the hire of a bookkeeper and cashier, and when night comes he knows exactly what he has got without consulting a cash register. Any other plan is bound to



"When did you get out of jail?" he says, bring him to grief. I deliver my yarn—you pay the cash. That ends the transaction.

"You want to know about country folks. You say you were born in the country, and you remember the green meadows, babbling brooks and frisking lambs. You also remember Uncle Josh and Aunt Mary and how they used to put a light in the window of a dark night to guide the tired wayfarer. You can remember of seeing a tramp or two when you was a little shaver. You can remember that he was invited to dinner, that he was given old clothes and cash, that your mother had fears in her eyes and your father said it was a shame that the world drove a man from pillar to post in that way.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I see the picture just as you do, and you will excuse me if I grin a grin or two. The world hasn't stood still while you have gone on. It's gone right along with you, and there have been a few changes in the country.

**Why Tramps Go to Cities.**  
"Take a walk and you will find those same green meadows, those same brooks, those same lambs, but you won't find Uncle Josh and Aunt Mary no more. They have been dead for years. A city like this seems a hard hearted and cruel place, and you shiver at the idea of being dead here. Let me tell you that tramps are driven into the cities to recuperate. All the clothing I have had for the last five years has been begged in the city. All the money I have had has come from the dwellers therein. The only kind words I have heard have come from the hurly burly. Makes you open your eyes, doesn't it? You are still clinging to the old fashioned ideas of the country.

"My friend, let me tell you something. There isn't today a harder man to deal with than the average farmer. There isn't a woman with less sentiment than his wife. There's been a mighty change in the last twenty years. Indeed, it is a change that was forced on the farmer to protect himself. In years ago, in tramping over the highway, I have met lightning rod men, windmill men, piano men, hayfork men, commission men, peddlers, chicken buyers and horse traders. All were after the farmer. Each and every one intended to beat him and did beat him. He was beaten when he sold his produce, and he was beaten when he bought his goods. He was considered fair game all around. It was argued that his peaceful surroundings made him gullible, and I guess they did.

"Well, Uncle Josh and Aunt Mary died twenty years ago, and their children took hold. That babbling brook bubbles for cash now. The green meadow means greenbacks. The lambskin frisk, but they risk for the dough. The watchdog at the gate can size up a swindler as well as a man. The farmer holds on until he gets the highest price, and the merchant who sells him shoddy has got to get up early in the morning. Say, now, but I'd rather start out to beat ten men in a city than one farmer. I'd rather be dead broke here than to have a dollar in my pocket out in the country. If taken all here I'm sent to a free hospital; if taken sick in the country the Lord helps me.

**Farmer Not to Blame.**  
"I'm not blaming the farmer in the least. For a hundred years he was the prey of swindlers and was taken for a fool. If he's got his eyes opened at last and is taking care of himself, and I assure you that such is the case, then so much the better for him. It is the dilapidated gentleman who suffers most from this change.

"Why is a sailor a sailor? Nineteen times out of twenty it is because he

wants to rove the seas. Why is a tramp a tramp? Nineteen times out of twenty it is because he wants to rove the land. It is a nervous, restless feeling that he cannot withstand. He wants to get somewhere, and he is no sooner there than he wants to get somewhere else. The majority of them are sober men. They are as honest as the average. Not one in twenty will refuse to work for a meal or for pay. Not one in twenty commits a crime for which he should be jailed. You can't make statistics talk any other way. The whining, lying, vicious tramp has his home in the city and stays there.

"It is the press of the country that has got the farmer down on the tramp. You may drive for fifty miles and interview each farmer as you come to him and you won't find five to say that a tramp ever caused them any trouble. In summer the tramp may steal a few apples or turnips. Any one driving along the highway is free to do that. Should he steal an ax, shovel, plow, sheep, calf or break into the house and steal a watch or clothes, what is he going to do with his plunder? The instant he tries to realize on it he is nabbed. The tramp who entered a house and stole \$50 in cash would be worse off than if he hadn't a cent.

"I can walk into that bakery over there and say that I am hungry and the woman will give me a state loaf. I can tackle most any man passing here for a dime for lodgings money and get it. I can wander down most any residence street and raise a hat, a coat or a pair of shoes. How is it out in the country? We'll say I've hoofed it all day, making about fifteen miles. I've stopped to rest now and then and view the scenery. Don't you make no mistake about that scenery feature. If any art company wanted to publish a thousand views it couldn't do better than to ask the tramps where to find the best ones. For lunch I pulled two turnips from a field. My drink was from a brook. Along about 6 o'clock I hunger for cooked victuals, and, as it looks like rain, I would like to get lodgings in a barn. I turn aside to a farmhouse. The farmer is washing his hands at the well to go in to supper. Out of the fall of his eye he sees me approaching, but he pays no heed until I stand before him and say: 'Accused of Being a Jailbird.'

"Alister, I can milk a cow, chop wood, mow weeds or hoe in the garden. If you will give me supper and lodging on the haymow, I will work here at anything you wish."

"When did you get out of jail?" he asks.

"I have never been in jail."

"But you look like the durned skunk who stole a pitchfork from me last year."

"Last year I was in California."

"Want to set my barn afire with your old pipe, do you?"

"I don't smoke."

"He stands and thinks for a moment and then gradually tells me to take a seat on the kitchen doorstep. The wife brings me out a stinky supper. There's an abundance on the table, and part of it will go to the dogs, but she cuts me short, thinking to get ahead of me. I have cleared my plate in ten minutes, and then I am set to work and buckle in until too dark to see longer. My bed is on the hay, and twice during the night the farmer comes out to see if I haven't stolen the shingles off the roof. In the morning if I want a meager breakfast I must put in a good hour's work for it. That means an hour and a half, and when I think the farmer for his generosity and get ready to go on he says:

"Goin', eh? Well, that's the way with you durned critters. I've filled you up and lodged you, and now you want to play the sneak on me."

"My friend, don't look for much sentiment in humanity these days and don't look for a bit of it out in the country. You won't find it. The farmer can't afford it. He has been beaten by sharpers and squeezed by trusts until he has lost faith in every one. He has bottomed it, but it's for sale, and before selling it to you he wants a certificate that you have never stolen a haystack or run away with a field of buckwheat."

**Ma's Objection.**  
"Mamma, have you any objection to my going to the woman's club?"

"But, my dear, you don't need it yet. Wait until you are married."—New York Life.

**Blackmail!**



The Small Boy (pointing to the notice board)—Give us a 'penny, guv', uer, an' I won't tell on yer.—Sketch.

**Hash.**  
The turkey now finish in manner to ash; With philosophic musing We meditate on hash.

It is the final windup Of dynasties that crash. Of Caesar's mighty eagles What now remains but hash?

When great opposing nations In mortal combat clash The aged world discovers The dove of peace is hash.

—McLaurough Wilson in Woman's Home Companion.

## NO INCENTIVE TO SAVE

If Savings Depositors Are Honest They Must Pay a Premium For Laying Aside For Rainy Day.

R. W. Firestone of Lisbon, representing the State Bankers' association, told the Tax Commission of Ohio, not long since, that the present tax laws put a premium upon perjury. In support of his argument for a more equitable system of taxation, Mr. Firestone said:

"The municipalities in Ohio are taxed almost beyond the point of endurance. The rates for Ohio range very generally from 3 to 4 per cent, and I recall that in my city of Wellsville we have a tax rate of 4.8 for the coming year. Now, what does the average person who accumulates a little capital do with it. As a rule he puts it in a savings bank. The savings bank sometimes pays 3 per cent, sometimes 4 per cent.

"What is the condition of the taxpayer in the city of Wellsville who has accumulated a little property and put it in a savings bank? My opinion is that the man who gets 3 per cent, and has to pay 4.8 per cent in taxes, is better off not to have money. He is behind because he must pay taxes upon this fund. Well, what is the necessary result of that? It seems to me to be a premium on perjury. The average taxpayer becomes a perjurer. He is bound to do it, with conditions like that, to pay a decent regard to his own existence. That is not, however, the lamentable effect. A more serious effect is the result upon the savings habit among the people. Now, economists will agree there is no more hopeful tendency in all banking business than the savings habit which it encourages. It makes a good citizen out of the man who saves. He becomes interested in our government institutions, because he looks to them to preserve the rights of property. He has property interests to preserve, and he becomes more and more an example of thrift, laying by savings for the rainy day. Now, if conditions like the present continue, what will be the result? The incentive to save is lost. You save the money only to have to pay it out in taxes. You pay out more money in taxes than you get in return for these investments. The whole incentive is lost. How does that affect the state? Well, the state simply has an army of dependent persons to look after because they can not look after themselves, for the incentive for the accumulation of money is removed."

## REJECTING INDUSTRIES.

It is a startling suggestion made by the Ohio state board of commerce as to the extent of injury wrought to Ohio's interests by the state's alleged inequitable tax regulations. It is called a fair estimate that three billions of dollars of capital has been practically driven out of the state by the existing system or lack of system. It is not surprising that the tax experts think they have found a good field in which to profitably offer suggestions and collate facts, but the declaration that "if the provisions of the Ohio constitution and the laws of the state as they now exist were enforced to the letter, no prosperous manufacturing, mercantile or banking industry could exist in this state," may be going to an extreme scarcely warranted in so good a cause of reform.

It would certainly be enough to arouse the people to quick action, to accept the proposition that the state makes prosperity possible by withholding the execution of its regulation on this vital point of interest; but it is equally certain that the progress of half a century may call for readjustment of the tax question. There is tangible evidence that capital has sought other states when its better geographical environment was in Ohio. Big investments are nervous regarding taxation, which is an important item of the expense account. They locate where the best opportunities are found.

But it is not in dealing with an impulse to escape from unprofitable conditions that this departing or departed enterprise directly interests the student of economy. It is because such timidity calls attention to what the experts pronounce a crude, unsatisfactory and unfair system, utterly lacking in smooth and equitable possibilities of application. The next general assembly will be asked to take up this question, and go as far as may be, within constitutional privilege, toward placing the state at the front in its system of taxation. The thought is not that regulations should be enacted as a bid for the influx of capital, but as a matter of creditable development of state government. The people should give earnest thought to this subject, and help their legislators to think. The field is broad, and the possibilities for improvement varied. The need is for simplification and better adjustment. — Editorial, Cleveland News.

## FEDERAL TAXATION.

There is a real peril in the tendency of the states and the people thereof to saddle upon the federal government expensive jobs. They do it on the comfortable theory that the federal government gets its money easily, perhaps even that it collects it from the foreigner who trades with us. Money that is gotten so easy, in imagination, flows out again freely. When we once grasp the idea that every dollar spent by the government is raised as truly by taxation as though it were spread upon an assessment roll, perhaps we shall have more sympathy with the efforts of the chairman of the appropriation committee to avoid useless or doubtful experiments in government. — Broughton, Mich. Gazette.

## ANOTHER NATURE FAIR.

Story of Jim Hance and the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Here is another story of Jim Hance and the Grand Canyon of Arizona. When tourists are thick Jim rides over to the hotels and talks to them. He has marvelous tales to tell. One day he was standing by the top of the Bright Angel trail with a few pieces of meat in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that meat, Mr. Hance?" asked a port tourist lady from Boston.

"Why, I'm goin' down to feed my pet fish with it."

"Your pet fish? Have you a pet fish? Oh, tell me about it!"

"Well," said Jim, "it was this way: One time some years ago I was fishing down there in the canyon in the Colorado river. I wasn't havin' much luck, but all of a sudden I seen a commotion in the water and a tolerable sized fish rise up and looked at me. I seen the fish was angry, and as there ain't anythin' much more deerspit than a mad fish I ducked. I was just in time, for the fish leaped out of the water and straight at me. He'd 'a' speared me sure if it hadn't been for that duck of mine. As it was, he went clean over me and landed in a pool in the hollow of the rocks behind me, where there was a considerable pond of water. He couldn't get out, and he's there yet. Him and me is fast friends now, and I go down twelvet a week and feed him."

"How long ago was that?"

"It was seventeen year ago."

"The fish must be quite large by this time."

"Oh," said Jim, "not so much! Last time I put the tape on him he was only twenty-seven feet long. He ain't got his full growth yet."—Saturday Evening Post.

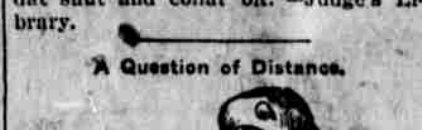
**Saw Himself as Others Saw Him.**  
One Sunday morning some years ago I stepped out into the back yard of my southern home. The "cook's boy," wearing a checked houseman shirt, was playing in the yard. He approached me and said:

"Mister Chollier, I never is had on a white shirt in my life. Can't you gimme one?"

I complied with this request by giving him a white shirt and a very high standing collar. With a grin and show of large white teeth, he left me. That afternoon I saw the boy in the yard wearing his accustomed colored shirt. Responding to my interrogative look, he said:

"I put on dat white shirt and collar, and you know what I look like? I look like a black mule wid his head over a whitewash fence, and I took dat shirt and collar off."—Judge's Library.

## A Question of Distance.



"Do you favor the eight hour movement, Mr. Smith?"

"It depends on how far I have to move."—Philadelphia Press.

**Against the Rules.**  
"Did I ever see General Grant?" exclaimed Veteran Kilgore in response to an idle query. "Did I ever—why, child, at Shiloh I was a-layin' in the tall grass a-shootin' jest as fast as I could load an' fire when I heard hoss tracks approachin', an' a voice calls from th' road."

"Hey, there! Ain't that you, Kilgore?"

"I knowed th' voice instant an' says, 'Yes, Grant; it's me, an' kep' right on shootin'."

"Come here," he says.

"I riz, reluctant, an' sauntered over to th' road, an' Grant says t' me: 'Kilgore, he says, 'I want ye t' go home. Ye're killin' too many people.'"

—Woman's Home Companion.

**Very Suspicious.**  
"Better send an inspector down to see what's the matter with this man's meter," said the cashier in the gas company's office to the superintendent.

"Oh," began the superintendent, "we throw complaints about meters."

"This is no complaint. He sends a check for the amount of his bill and says it's 'very reasonable.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Not Safe Even There.**  
Dick—if you are afraid of microbes, why don't you kiss your girl over the phone? You can't catch anything by kissing a girl over the wire.

Tom—Oh, yes, you can. I kissed mine over the phone the other day. The old man grabbed the receiver and I caught the dickens. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**The Janitorial King.**  
We've prayed for it with earnest prayers; We've blessed with the man downstairs; We've gone down on our bended knees; We've told him we would surely freeze; We've proved it by our steaming breath; We've said the words we don't repeat; We've vowed to bow to his commands; We've hinted Christmas was at hand; We've promised him a mint of tips; We've jollied him with quips and quips; We've used some words we don't repeat; We've hung it all—we want steam heat! But he, the villain, gives a smile, And calmly answers: "Wait awhile!" —La Touche Hancock in New York Press.

## COMING TO MARION

DR. VOKE Chief Examining and Consulting Physician of The France Medical Institute Co., by request, will visit above town on date named. CONSULTATION FREE and STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

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**LOVE FOR DOG WAS STRONG.**

Woman, After All, Could Not Bear to Have Pet Killed.

Indianapolis.—A woman, poorly dressed but of respectable appearance, went into police headquarters with a bulldog about as friendly as the police had ever seen. Even before the woman spoke the animal was wagging her tail and making friends right and left. There was a friendly expression in the dog's eyes and the members of the department present could see at a glance that the dog was of a disposition to be trusted.

"What can we do for you, lady?" asked Desk Sergeant Crane.

"I came to get rid of my dog," she replied sorrowfully. "You see, I can't afford to pay the tax."

"Do you want to give the dog away?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes, if some one would have her," came the reply. "But, oh my, no one wants her, and I guess the only thing to do is to have her killed."

With this the woman burst into tears and between her sobs she declared her dog was the best animal that ever lived.

"Why that dog is everything in our little household. I can go away and leave the doors open and it is only necessary to tell her to stay there and watch. She is a protection against any one who means harm to me and the children. But I have no money and can not pay the tax, and I might be arrested if I don't."

"I'm sorry, lady, to see you lose such a pet," Crane told her. "If you have decided to have the dog killed Humane Inspector Smith back there will do it."

The dog jumped and cavorted about as she followed the woman to the humane office. Smith asked several questions, and then told the woman he would kill the animal. She went with the inspector into the basement in order to coax the dog there. Goodly the inspector selected a bottle of deadly poison from a cabinet. Two or three drops of it causes instant death to dogs, and Smith started toward the bulldog with the bottle in his hand.

"My God, stop," the woman cried dramatically, and with large tears running down her cheeks. "I'm very poor, but I'll go back to the washtub and rub my hands off before that dog shall be killed. What's two or three days' work compared with the love of a dog like that. Come on, Fanny, we'll go back home."

Before the astonished Smith could speak the woman kissed the dog and ran up the stairway and out of the building. She did not leave her name.

**SCHEME OF BRAVE GIRL.**

Planned to Turn Herself Into Walking Bomb and Blow Up Police.

St. Petersburg.—The police have arrested a young girl, nicknamed "Wanda," who is accused of participation in a plot to blow up the headquarters of the secret police, situated on the Molka, whose torture chambers have aroused bitter feelings on the part of the revolutionists. The police claim that "Wanda" planned to become a "walking bomb" and enter the headquarters buildings in the middle of the day, when it is generally full of police.

She was to wear the uniform of a gendarme officer, lined with wads of gun cotton and carrying powerful bombs. "Wanda," the police add, hoped by blowing herself up to reduce the entire building to ruins and kill all the officers composing the staff of the police.

The plot was betrayed, and the police, in addition to taking "Wanda"

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into custody, arrested a Jewish tailor, in whose shop they seized a half-ready uniform which was intended for the woman.

In consequence of the murderous designs of the revolutionists, the secret police have decided to give up their present headquarters, removing to an isolated stone building on Kamenny Island, where an elaborate electric signal system will